

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Dr. J. C. Ayer** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Ayer
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA

Cure for Cholera, Infantile, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child and Makes TEETHING EASY.

Costs Only 25 cents at Druggists.

The Weldon Grocery Co.
WHOLESALE JOBBERS IN
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES
We Sell Only To Merchants.
THE WELDON GROCERY CO., WELDON, N. C.

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WELDON, N. C.
LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, PACKET HEADS, CIRCULARS, ENVELOPES, VISITING CARDS, POSTERS, INVITATIONS.

Send us your orders. All orders receive prompt and careful attention.

The Bank of Weldon,

WELDON, N. C.
Organized Under The Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1892.
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA DEPOSITORY. HALIFAX COUNTY DEPOSITORY. TOWN OF WELDON DEPOSITORY.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$26,000.

President: **W. E. DANIEL**
Vice-President: **Da. J. N. RAMSAY**
Cashier: **W. R. SMITH**

R. M. Purnell & Bro.

Dealers In—**Staple and Fancy Groceries**—FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES.
Crockery, Glass Tin, and wooden and willow-ware. Also Pratt's Horse, Cow, Hog and Poultry Food, and Groves' Tansolom Chili Tonic. Alexander's Liver and Kidney Tonic for purifying the blood. This tonic is warranted or money refunded.
R. M. PURNELL & BRO.
(Successors to J. L. Judkins.)
No. 15 Washington Ave., Weldon, N. C. opp. 10 17.

HEARING AND DOING.

Operations Count More With God Than Opinions.

"And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand."

Salvation comes by faith and faith by hearing, but there are some very faithful hearers who will never know salvation. They hear, but do not heed. The parable of the two builders, on the rock and on the sand, is the application of the Sermon on the Mount. It is as though the Master can anticipate those people, even of this day, who are so occupied with admiring that wonderful discourse that they have no time to put it into practice. Application is the best evidence of appreciation. Admiration will not insure salvation. There are many who say, "All the religion I need is in the Sermon on the Mount." That is true, one should say, "All the food I need is in the Sermon on the Mount," and then they should lock the door and throw the key away. No man needs to worry about any more religion until he has exhausted that contained in this sermon. But he might as well have his religion in the Egyptian Book of the Dead as in this Sermon on the Mount if he never takes it out and puts it into practice. He who builds his hopes of his aesthetic pleasures for admiring the sayings of Jesus is building them on the sand. What God wants is not men and women who can nod their heads in agreement with the preacher's sentiments or sit with a rapt expression of sympathetic appreciation of the sermon on their faces and go home saying, "What a lovely discourse!"

He wants men and women who express their appreciation of the beauties of truth by their application of its duties.

Operations count more with God than opinions. Work is true worship. At the last you will not be asked your estimate of the logical, emotional and sentimental qualities of Christ's great sermon. The great Architect will not ask your opinion of His designs and plans; He will want to see the house you have built according to these plans or otherwise. The man who does no more than to admire the plans that God has drawn builds no more than a house of air on the sands of his imagination. What had he to show? It will not do then to say, "Lord, I was always one of the first to say, Lord, Lord, and to express my admiration of Christ and His teachings." God will ask for the building erected by your obedience.

No man knows what any truth is worth till he sees it to work. Your doctrine will not demonstrate. Prove it by living and the world will take chances on its logic. The truths that Christ spoke are God's design and plan for the edifice of true living. You can bring twenty people to accept these plans by erecting the structure of your own life squarely and exactly upon them before you could make one single soul accept them by your admiration and arguments for them.

What God wants and this world needs is a Christianity that has grown up out of admiration into a Christian life. A Christianity that does more than sing about love and piety, that does more than practice them, that also practices them. The church has been too long like the lad who thinks he has solved the problem of perpetual motion, too proud of the theory to stoop to prove it; she must build no more on the sands of sentimental admiration of truth, but on the rock of real application.—H. F. Pope, in *Ram's Horn*.

THE PETERSBURG FURNITURE CO.,

203 AND 207 N. SYCAMORE ST. PETERSBURG, VA.

THE HUSTLING AND UP-TO-DATE LEADERS IN FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES AND GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

A. J. WINFIELD, PRESIDENT & MANAGER
Special Attention to Mail Orders. oct 3 17.

THE LOST CAUSE.

THE LINES WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A CONFEDERATE BILL.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it;
As the pledge of a nation that is dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it;
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this trifle will tell,
Of liberty born of a patriot's dreams,
Of a storm-cradled Nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow;
We issued today our "promise to pay,"
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled by, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still.
Coin was so rare that the treasury 'd quake
If a dollar had dropped in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
Though our property well we discerned,
And this little note represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
They knew it had hardly a value in gold.
Yet as gold each soldier received it,
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And every true soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of prize or pay,
Or of bills that were long overdue,
We knew if it bought our bread today,
'Twas the best our country could do.
Keep it, it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest and born of the angel hope,
Like our hope of success it has passed.

THE FARMER'S LAMENT.

I'm gettin' weary, Molly, of our visit here in town,
Though daughter's done her very best to keep homesickness down,
With sixty years spent on the farm, the town don't seem to be,
For all its gayety and sith, the fittest place for me.
It's true the girl is married an' the boys is gone away,
An' home is sorter like ourselves—a bit run down an' gray—
But still I want to git back there where life flows slow an' sweet,
With the bee hums in the meadows an' the patridge in the wheat.

I've read the volumes, Molly, my daughter's had me read;
I've gone about the city twice, an' all it's sights I've soid;
But—will you b'lieve it, lookin' down there on the cold an' slush
There comes a flood of memories an' a sort of silent hush.
I see the children rompin' round the premises once more,
An' sproutin' jonquils in the yard an' roses by the door,
An' then I somehow hear, 'twixt me an' noises of the street,
The bee hums in the meadows an' the patridge in the wheat.
—Will T. Hale, in *New York Times*.

YESTERDAY.

W. D. NESBITT.

It is not far to Yesterday,
And there we turn our eyes
To where the good, glad memories
In pleasing pictures rise,
The faded roses of today,
Grow red and rich with dew,
And where gray clouds are spreading now
We see the skies of blue.

Just down the way is Yesterday—
There sunshine always beams;
Today we close our eyes and see
Our Yesterday in dreams,
Today we hear the long-dead song,
And now we understand
Its cadence, and know why it made
Our Yesterday all grand.

A little way to Yesterday—
Today may have its fears;
Yet yesterday it filled with smiles.
Tomorrow has its tears—
Today—tomorrow—What of them,
When we can find the way
That leads us to the golden land—
The land of Yesterday!

It is not far to Yesterday,
With glamour of the rose;
With haunting echo of the song
That thrilled us to the close.
Tomorrow and today will lose
Their darkness and their gloom,
And each will soon be Yesterday,
With melody and bloom.

"DON'T GO, JENNIE."

The Sweet Singer Carried Him Back to His Boyhood Days.

Dr. Len G. Broughton tells this most striking incident as it was related to him by a friend from Cincinnati:

In that city there was a pretty, young girl, a member of the church, who, on one occasion was invited by her friend to accompany him on Wednesday evening to a theatre. It was nothing new, but something whispered, "Don't go, Jennie." This peculiar something continued speaking to her, "Don't go."

She wrote him a letter and said, "I can't go to the theatre to-night; there is something that tells me not to go." There came a letter saying, "It is a splendid play." She wrote him another letter saying she would go. Then she dropped down for an evening nap. She dreamed that the angels came that night and found her in the theatre. She got up and wrote, "I am sorry to tell you, but I will have to break my engagement. I can't go."

That night Jennie found herself in the church. She had been going to the theatre on Wednesday evening. The pastor walked up to her and said: "Jennie, I am so glad to see you at prayer meeting. I feel that the Lord has something for you to do to-night." She said, "I tell you, I have made up my mind. I am not going to another theatre. I don't believe it is right."

The pastor congratulated her upon it. In the course of the service he asked her to sing. She went and stood at the piano and sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Her heart was on fire, and she sang it sweeter than she had ever done before.

The congregation was dismissed, but there was a young man who lingered about the door who was a stranger. The pastor went to the door and he said: "That was the sweetest singing I ever heard. It carried me back to my boyhood days, when mother used to sing to me. I am a bad boy, but I have made up my mind I am going to serve Christ right now."

TO MY FRIENDS.

It is with joy I tell you what Kodol did for me. I was troubled with my stomach for several months. Upon being advised to use Kodol, I did so, and words cannot tell the good it has done me. A neighbor had dyspepsia so that he had tried most everything. I told him to use Kodol. Words of gratitude have come to me from him because I recommended it.—George W. Fry, Viola, Iowa. Health and strength, of mind and body, depend on the stomach, and normal activity of the digestive organs. Kodol, the great reconstructive tonic, cures all stomach and bowel troubles, indigestion, dyspepsia. Kodol digests any good food you eat. Take a dose after meals.

W. M. Cohen.

MORE TALK.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—They say that woman, by getting into different occupations formerly monopolized by men, are reducing the scale of wages.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Yes, that's right; and I see now we've got women lawyers.

I'm glad of that.

Why?

Well, they'll charge less and talk more.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It relieves the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

TOO QUEER TO PASS

Yes, I still have the first dollar I ever made, said the gray haired passenger.

The ideal exclaimed the travelling acquaintance. And how did you keep it so long?

It was very important, being my first, and I'd have had trouble in passing it.

IT NEEDS A TONIC.

There are times when your liver needs a tonic. Don't give purgatives that gripe and weaken. DeWitt's Little Early Riser expels all poison from the system and acts as tonic to the liver. W. Scott, 531 Highland Ave., Milton, Pa., says: "I have carried DeWitt's Little Early Riser with me for several years and would not be without them." Small and easy to take. Purely vegetable. They never gripe or disturb.

W. M. Cohen.

Paint on the roof will not strengthen the foundation.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Ayer**

A BRAVE BOY.

He Came Back At Night To His Bivouac Untouched.

The Well-Spring tells the following story of a real hero who wore the gray during the late war:

The day after the battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes' division lay 150 yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! water!"

"General," said a boy-sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, Sergeant," asked the General.

"I can't stand hearing those wounded Yankees crying for water; may I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the General, "the moment you step over the wall, you'll get a bullet through your head; the skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me, I'll try it."

"My boy, I fought not to let you run such a risk, but I cannot refuse. God protect you! You may go."

"Thank you, sir," and with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his Christ-like errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He came back at night to his bivouac, untouched.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

PANAMA HATS.

What on earth do you mean, brother, mother asked, by urging your husband to get one of those outrageously high-priced Panama hats? Are you crazy to encourage such extravagance?

I shall want some more hats from time to time myself, mamma dear, the sweet young woman replied, and he has always kicked so at the prices I pay.

My darling! You always was such a hand for lookin' ahead. Let me kiss you.

TOOK HIS CHOICE.

No man is independent, in the strictest sense, however rich or powerful he may be.

If a person try to show his independence, he is not unlikely to meet with failures. This was once the case with the famous John Randolph, of Roanoke. He had been stopping at a country tavern, and on leaving, the landlord said:

"Mr. Randolph, which way are you going?"

The gruff Virginian replied:

"I have paid my bill, and it's none of your business."

Half an hour later Randolph came to a cross-road, and not knowing which to take, he sent his servant back to inquire.

The landlord replied:

"Tell Mr. Randolph that he has paid his bill, and he can take which road he pleases."

ON GUARD.

Keep an old gander, says a writer in a gardening paper, if you would protect young chickens from their enemies in the shape of dogs, cats, crows and magpies. The gentleman will be found of great use, shifting all objectionable characters with commendable promptness. Not only will intruders be smartly looked after, but the gander will make as much noise as possible while performing his duty, thus giving the poultry keeper and game rearer warning when all is not right.

OVERCONFIDENCE.

The man who thinks he knows it all is happy for a time.

For him the lights are brilliant and the bells are all shining.

But when the sad awakening comes this life seems very rough.

And then he envies simple folk who never make a bluf.

THE GREATER BURDEN.

"Is there anything harder to bear than real trouble?" I asked of the intellectual man who sat next to me in the smoker.

"Only imaginary trouble," he replied.

From his answer I knew that I was correct in my surmise. He was indeed a member in good standing of the Philosophers' union.

NOT GUILTY.

Didn't I see my husband kissing you? Goodness, no, mum. I wouldn't be caught dead kissing such a looking 't'ing as him.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Ayer**



BEAUTY TRIUMPHS.

"'Tis a Painless Treasure."

Beauty is woman's greatest charm. The world allows beautiful women. A pretty woman attracts naturally for fear of losing this power. What can be done to perpetuate the race and keep women beautiful? There is a balm used by cultured and uncultured women in the crisis. Husbands should investigate this remedy in order to reassure their wives as to the ease with which children can be born and beauty of form and figure retained.

Mother's Friend is the name by which this preparation is known. It diminishes the pain allied to motherhood. Used throughout pregnancy it relieves morning sickness, cures sore breasts, makes elastic all tendons called upon to hold the expanding burden. Muscles soften and relax under its influence and the patient anticipates favorably the issue, in the comfort thus bestowed.

Mother's Friend is a liniment for external application. It is gently rubbed over the parts so severely taxed, and being absorbed lubricates all the muscles.

Druggists break for 25 per cent. You may have our book "Fotherhood" free. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

IS YELLOW POISON

in your blood? Physicians call it **Falarial**. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chilly, aching sensations creep down your backbone. You feel weak and worthless.

ROBERT'S CHILL TONIC will stop the trouble now. It enters the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison. If neglected and when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and a general break-down come later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood, prevent and cure Chills, Fevers and Malaria. It has cured thousands—it will cure you, or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25 cents.

Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS.

Early Risers

The famous little pills.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable **CASCARETS** and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." *Rev. A. H. HARR, Albany, N. Y.*

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE BOWEL

Pleasant, Palatable, Pure, Taste Good, No Gripe, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Gries. Sold by all Druggists. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** **NO-TO-BAG** and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE BILIOUSNESS.**

Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. *At all druggists.*

Want your household to lead a healthful life? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the inkstand. It is the best and most economical. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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SCIENTIFICALLY DISTILLED
NATURALLY AGED,
ABSOLUTELY PURE,
Best and Safest for all uses.
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For Coughs, Colds and Croup.
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